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THE FAMILY BRIDGE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Thanks, thanks, dear old Bridge, that thou still art remaining
Above the deep stream where in boyhood I
With my young mates, full strength for life's rough battle gaining,
From innocent sports in the sunshine or shade.
O, here how we often, with wild pleasance gleeful,
Thro' over the lines for the sealed prey hovered!
What joy, victorious merriment success bestows!
Till warned to our homes by the sunset to go!

My early ties by tender memory treasured,
Have all been broken, or have long since fled
To pure shores, where the faithful dwell joyously reunited
And called for the worship of God!
O, blest recollection! though gone father, brother,
Yet brothers and sisters still sweet treasures hold
In thine own mossy Bridge, and we feet that no other
Surpasses its wealth for the family field.

It was here on thee, old Bridge, that we were
deep pondered
My darling self, I—a runaway's moan!
And there in that old Church that we were
baptized
And have that for us one existence was born.
Though, darling, our lot from our birthplace
was faded,
Yet sometimes we come to this scene of our
And fitter the good Lord that we were so well
mated,
While round us are romping our girls and our
boys.

THE GRANADAN DUEL;

OR, THE

Castilian and the Moor.

A ROMANCE OF THE COURT OF THE ALHAMBRA.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER VII.

A MYSTERY.

The Knight of St. Mark had a vague sense of being aroused over a rough wall, and of being dragged down into a dark place, and followed it back, for when he came to, he found his father bolted to a stupefied quiet than recollected sensible consciousness. When his scattered senses finally returned to him he found himself upon an easy couch, and in a very comfortably furnished apartment. He experienced a sense of relief at the first glance, for he was aware of the awakening mind he considered that he had escaped the dungeon cell. The place was very cool and private, or, at least, it was not a dungeon. He was about to raise himself upon his elbow for the purpose of looking around, when a man appeared at the side of the couch, and in his hand. The Knight looked up and beheld a Moor of the better class of his creed. He was a man of the saturnine cast of his countenance. Upon the value of the gown which sparkled with the gems, each of which was a cluster of precious stones that gleamed in a crescent upon his turban.

"Fair sir," spoke the Moor, "are thy senses restored to thee?"

Guy raised himself upon his elbow to try his voice, and he found that his strength and his bodily powers were in their full integrity. He recurred to him that he had lost his weapons, and not let his strength be known. If they thought him weak, and incapable of resistance, they might leave open to him an opportunity which would not otherwise occur.

He sank back upon his pillow with a groan, as though in pain.

"Be not alarmed. Thou art Sir Guy, of Castile."

"I am a Christian knight, Guy of St. Mark, and I have done no outrage upon the laws of Granada. Why am I here?"

"Easy, fair sir. This is not a prison, though the couch be hard by, and we bade a prison to be thy chamber. Thy wills to be not too very troubling, but reasonable, and thou shalt be amicable to it. My errand was to see that it was since then carried here, and on both occasions it was drawn to a cause in which thou hadst no interest."

Guy came very near springing up and giving the man the lie direct; but he curbed his wrath down, and, with his usual coolness set to thinking.

"I crave thy pardon," he said, with a groan, as though of pain. "Thou must know that I have been engaged."

"I know well," returned the Moor, "and for thy satisfaction I will tell thee. He set his hand upon a table that was near, and then seated himself by the bedside, after this fashion:

"Prince Abdul drew thy sword in the forest of Manfred while thou were steadily engaged.

"Save," put in Guy, "that I found six men set upon me."

"But the cause was unknown to thee."

"I have stated the case. I found one man set upon by six, and myself and companions interposed."

"I know this Sir Knight; Dost know the man whom thou did'st succor?"

"I only know that he was called Abdalla, and that he seemed a true man."

The Moor looked hard upon Sir Guy, as though to read his thoughts.

Knight, you set that he was a knave and a rufflan?"

"I knew it not."

"Then knew it now." And again the Moor gave that sagacious searching look.

And Guy felt he be satisfied. It was his policy so to appear, though such was very far from being the case. He felt, in fact, sure to the conclusion that the villain who had planned the assassination of Abdalla and fired the pistol at Herman was now before him. He read it in the keen, half-starved face, and in the high cheek bones of the dark, deep-set eyes. And with this conviction he had made show of extreme weakness. He started to raise himself upon his elbow, and sank back with a bitter groan.

"I am all in pain."

"I pain, and very weak. Have I lost blood?"

"No. It is only a stroke upon the head. Your Castilian heads are not tough like ours of Granada. But a night's rest will revive thee. And now for thy second treason. What business had'st thou with the daughter of the Ben Ahmed?"

Again Guy came very near leaping from the couch: but he smothered his cry of indignation, and said:

"Business of that?" he said, when he dared to trust his voice. "I am not aware that I have been accustomed to such a matter. If I have strong I would answer thee at the sword's point."

"So, so!—The charms of the fair maiden have touched thee to the heart, but after a little than thou might engage in a dangerous business. Thou must know that the Ben Ahmed is one of the two wards which has charge of the wilds the scope of a just punishment. Then went in the house of the Ben Ahmed for the purpose of visiting thy friend?"

Guy nodded affirmatively.

"He is called Manfred?"

"Yes."

"What is he?"

"A knight," he said."

"But I would know more. Has he of Castile?"

"Aye,—a knight of that realm."

"Was he born in Castile?"

"I was not present at his birth."

Then knowest my meaning. Is he of Castilian blood?"

Guy saw the way very eager, though he sought to hide it. He saw that there was a point to be won that he had a deep interest in the matter under question.

There was some mystery in all this. Guy called to mind his cause of trouble with Manfred; he remembered the doubts he had been led to entertain concerning his birth; and he felt that the supposition now put to him by the Moor was founded upon a reason.

"Sir Knight," he said, "and on the morrow then appeal like a man, and ready tongue for answer."

"Am I a prisoner?" asked Guy.

"That is as thou pleasest to take it. I shall hold thee for the present. I am bound to know the purpose of thy visit to Granada."

"I am not bound to answer to that. But be it so. You would have answered it truly; but the chief cause of my visit was to see the Moor to go his way, no pretending the while to be completely exhausted.

At the door the Moor was met by a certain man, who asked for direction, and Guy distinctly heard the figure answer:—"Let him be cast in the trunk. Keep watch near at hand. Be cautious and silent."

After his visitor had gone, and the door had been closed, Guy mused:

"By Sun Jago!" he mentioned, "I am thrown into strange associations! Who is Abdalla? Who is the villain who now has control of my finance? What finds he in the face of Manfred to alarm him—for by my life, he is sorely alarmed at something.—And the daughter of the Ben Ahmed! Ah! I shall be hard put to it to keep with them my wits are at fault."

Guy had been thrown into one of his various hearings, and in the sad reflection over that he had fallen into the hands of Prince Abdul, but only the garb of the man, and the valuable gems, but words which he had spoken.

"At all events," Guy reflected, "he is a man to be trusted. He is a man of honor. I no sooner I can make my escape from Granada."

He lay a while and listened, and as he heard the sound of no moving in the house he carefully arose and stood upon his feet. He had not mistaken his strength, save the dull ache in his head he was unscathed, and even that ache was an advantage, for it reminded him more forcibly of the indignity he had suffered, and served to give point to his determination to escape. He went to a window and looked out, and from the position of the stars he knew that it was past midnight. This window overlooked a court, at the far side of which he saw a high wall; and the casement was only fastened upon the inside. He tried it, and found it to be easily swung open. This was a fortunate circumstance indeed, and gave him a reasonable ground for the hope of success of making the wall. The chief difficulty would be to make his exit from the chamber without exciting suspicion.

The knight had been left burning upon the table, and one of the first things which attracted his attention as he turned from the window was a sword resting against the wall near the door. It was a good one, and, as he supposed himself by handling it upon his person, he assured himself by bending it upon the floor. He was rewarded by a variety of the most excited his curiosity, and upon holding it close to the light he became assured that it was a pure and true Damascus, of the very finest temper. The left was of good, but not precious stone, and the pommel was a single ruby of great size. Guy was sure that no other ornament he might have bestowed about appropriating so valuable a weapon, but he was sure that he had no other alternative. They had taken his, and he vastly believed that he was but exploring what he was to be had deposited him. And who must be he who was to take charge of him? He remained quite sure that he had a deep interest in the matter under question.

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thine is the only face that hath had power to gain ingress in my heart. I fear not to trust Her."

And then will not cease to love me ?" cried the transported knight, drawing her again to his embrace.

"My love is no longer mine," she said. "If thou canst ever cast it off."

"Hush, Miriam! Breathe no thought like that. Beneath the eye of the all-seeing Fa- ther I accept thy love as a priceless boon, and I will cherish it as a gift of Heaven while life shall endure."

And then Miriam reached her arm around his neck, and suffered her head to rest on his shoulder, and remained thus for a few moments with the sweetest that a liberated maiden of the season of a bliss that the human heart can feel but once—the bursting into flame of a passion which God himself, in the morning of creation, ordered should consume both hearts and the souls of the true and the loving into one flesh and one spirit.

A while in the ecstatic dream-land, and then Guy came back to mother earth.

"Dear Miriam, would hate you well with Prince Mansfred ?" he said.

"With Prince Hamed ?" repeated Miriam, looking up in surprise. "No, no.—It becomes my father whenever he hears of the Prince—because we both loathe and dislike him—that he would seek to take me by force."

"Not the Prince?"

"No."

"Why, then, is the man favored by your father ?"

"Favored ?"

"Used ?"

"No."

"What, Used? I know of but one of that name in Granada."

And he," said Miriam, drawing more closely to her lover as she spoke, "is the King Mansfred. Would have you not used the King ?"

"Not to be when in a happy mood; but with me he is seldom happy. O! I cannot become him. Yes, I have used him, and used him unpainfully. I would rather flee from Granada, and live a peasant's life in the wilds, than to thus abase myself. Dearest Miriam, the King loves you not, and you love not him, or you would not ask such a boon."

"There are reasons of state, Guy. The King's life has been a strange one. You have heard the story of his youthful days ?"

"I have heard vague reports—I have heard of romantic adventures—but there is nothing reliable."

"Well, and like to hear the story from me ?"

She had lifted her head from his shoulder, and was taking both her hands in hers, and was about to begin the story. And she told him as follows:

"A good many years ago—long before I was born; but in my father's youth—Ismael Mansfred was King of Granada. He had two sons, the elder named Hamed, and the younger Mansfred. Ismael was the first-born, and beloved of his father, but Mohammed was ambitious and cunning, and contrived to make himself popular with the soldiers. When the old King lay upon his death-bed he called to his regiment to his side and introduced to them his son Ismael as their future King. And the soldiers was the father dead than Mohammed and his party rose in rebellion against Ismael, and having cast the latter from their path, usurped the throne, and caused himself to be proclaimed King. But Ismael was beloved, and not dared to dealt but the Prince was greatly feared by the best men of the kingdom, and he feared to do the deed.

"For years Mohammed held the throne, and during those ten years he treated Ismael with the greatest kindness and respect. At length Mohammed was stricken with a fatal sickness, and when his physicians assured him that he had not long to live he resolved that he would, if possible, secure the sceptre to his own race. He sent for the chief officer on service, and sent an order to the prison for the immediate execution of the prisoner who was there confined.

"The officer discovered that Tarik, the jailer, had received a strong sum for his reward. Ismael he had not allowed the fact to be generally known, and he had secured the services of many privileges. The messenger who bore the royal mandate of death found Ismael and the prince engaged in a game of chess. Tarik opened the door of the cell, and in the most respectful condition of the King's command to the jailer calm and tremble, rightly guessed the contents of the mandate which he observed bore the royal seal. But he was a brave and considerate prince, and would not ask a favor which might endanger his friend. He only asked that he might be allowed to finish the game they had commenced.

"The jailer bowed his head in reply, and with the middle of the game he left the cell. Then went to the King's order.

"The executioner was in readiness without, but Tarik bade them wait. He was resolved that no trivial a favor should be denied to his prisoner. The game went on. It was long and closely contested one. At length, when the game seemed most dubious for either party, Ismael made a move which gave him the victory. He called out to the jailer to come in and bring—he moved his queen to—queen, and cried, "Check-mate!" he had won the game. And at that same moment a loud shrieking arose in the outer court of the prison. Mohammed was dead. Tarik hastened out, and when he was assured that the news was true he bore up the order for the prince's death, and cast the forgotten to a window.

"The prisoner was now released without Divine Providence, was the rightful heir saved from execution. And when the people knew that he lived they demanded that he should ascend the throne. And he gained the and the sceptre without a show of opposition, though there were those in the kingdom who, from selfish motives, would have preferred to see Mohammed's son.

"But I was almost a queen at one time, and had Tahid has been a kind, good king, and the good people of Granada love him dearly, nevertheless. Prince Haroun, son of Mohammed, has been continually plotting to gain the throne which his father usurped and held for ten years; and there are those who say that Haroun should be condemned and executed, but the humane monarch will not listen. He fears that the world, in such an event, would say that he had taken a base revenge at his own sufferings at the hands of Haroun's father.

"Ay, truly, Guy! is a noble man, and I could live him—aye, I do love him—as I would love a brother or father, but I cannot love him as my wife.

Sir Guy had listened with deepest interest to the story, and at its conclusion he remained a time in silent meditation.

"It is a strange story, Miriam," he at length said. "Truly, a most mixed strange one. Your confessor will not Mansfred. And Michael I am convinced that Prince Haroun was with the ruffians whom we attacked in the forest. He it was whom Michael unconscious. Your father is governor of Granada, and he was in daitiful attendance upon the man whom the ruffians would have slain—for was calling himself Abdalla."

And what gain you of suspicion from that?" asked Miriam.

"That Abdalla and Jusef of Granada are one and the same person—that it was the king whom we saved.

Miriam reflected a moment, and then reached out her hand and laid upon the knight's shoulder, she said,

"Guy, let your suspicions be your own. Communicate them not to any one except to your friend Manfred. It will be better so."

"You do not deny them?"

"Hush! I deny nothing. I know not your Abdalla. I will not hear of him."

"As you will, sweet love. But you can answer me this: Why is it that Haroun seeks the love and life of one who would love him, and who would gladly share his throne?"

"I also!" answered Miriam, bowing her head, "have the misfortune to be the daughter of a father that the nobler my heart is disposed, and I am cousin to the present Jusef. There are but three persons known to be living in whose veins runs the blood royal of Granada. They are Jusef, Haroun, and Miriam, and myself."

"Then Haroun is the rightful heir to the throne?"

"Yes."

"Why, then, is the man favored by your father?"

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ALL THAT IS LEFT.

BY NATHAN UPHAM.

Once when the evening twilight
Glowed in the golden west,
And the soft sighs of the zephyr
Murmured odes to the rest,
There was sun in sweet my coming,
Watching with eager eye,
In flower, when the shadows lengthened,
Welcome footsteps were nigh.

Then how his boy his laughter
Rang in the evening air!
How came to my heart he smiled,
How he sat by my chair!
How he told of his day's doings,
And prattled of innocent joy!
All I recall of the present, the moments
I passed with my darling boy!

Life is not always unclouded,
Love's sweetest nectar will sour;
Death will come, and has entered
Under our roof, since I began
All that is left of my darling,
Who has gone where the angels dwell.
In a bright and golden chapter
More pure than the blue of the sky.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "HALF-MAIDEN," "IVA BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XCIV.

MORE MANŒUVRING ON BOTH SIDES.

She under fair pretense of saintly zeal,
With gentle violence and thin device
Of shadowed semblances, could counterfeit
Close with the very counts of sons,
And open them just so.

MASSINGER'S COMEDY.

When Mary Grey reached Richmond, she went first to a quiet family hotel, where she engaged a room for a few days.

Then she took a carriage, and drove to the rectory of old St. John's Church, and presented her letter to the Rector.

The reverend gentleman received her very kindly, and, after reading it, glanced over the letter, saying, as he returned it to her:

"Rest assured, my dear young lady, that dear madame, I remember you perfectly well as a regular attendant and communicant of my church, when you were a visit to the family of the late lamented Governor of this State."

"Yes, sir; but then I was only a visitor at the house, and as I was a pupil of the dear departed Governor, now I wish to be a member of the church, and to have my name entered on the list of communicants that Mary Grey explained, with her charming smile.

The Rector expressed himself highly gratified, and added:

"Your large circle of friends, that were all during your long visit here two or three years ago, will be delighted to hear of this."

Mary Grey bowed gracefully, and said:

"I have come to Richmond, sir, for the advantages to be gained by her own self."

Then she inquired of the Rector with an apology for troubling him with her own private affairs—whether he could recommend her to any private boarding-house where some members of his own church, where the family were all communicants.

The Rector could not think of any suitable place, but would call on some of his own parishioners and introduce Mrs. Grey to his wife, who, he said, would most likely be able to advise her.

And he rang the bell, and sent a message to Mrs. ——, who presently entered the study.

The introduction took place, and the Rector's wife invited the stranger to call at once at the Rector Inn.

There was no boarding-house of the description required by Mrs. Grey, but she promised to inquire about her friends, and let that night pass over her head.

Soon after this, Mrs. Grey took leave.

Many of her former friends were, at this season of the year, out of town, as she felt sure; but some among them would probably be at home.

She also returned to her hotel, she made out a long list of calls and left her cards at about a dozen different houses.

She then went back to her room at the hotel and spent the remainder of the day in unpacking and receiving her luggage which had arrived.

There was no sort of necessity for doing this, especially as she intended to remain but a few days at the house; and the operation would only give her the trouble of repacking again.

But Mary Grey never read, or wrote, or sewed, or embroidered, if she could avoid it; and had nothing on earth else to occupy or amuse her; so her passion for dress had to be gratified with the sight of jewels, shawls and ribbons, laces and muslins, even though she durst not wear them.

Next day the Rector's wife called on her and recommended a very superior boarding-house to the stranger.

It was a boarding-house, as a fashionable part of the town, kept by two ladies of high social standing, and of undoubted respectability, and of the highest church principles.

This was exactly the house for Mrs. Grey.

And the Rector's wife kindly offered to take her there, there, in the reverend gentleman's carriage, to visit "the Misses Crane," the maiden ladies in question.

"If the Misses Crane," as they were called, dwelt in a handsomely furnished, old-fashioned family house, standing in its own grounds, not very far from the Governor's House.

The Miss Cranes were two very tall, very thin, very fair ladies, with pale blue eyes and long, yellow corkscrew curls each side their sallow faces.

They were dressed very finely in light colored silks, with rich lace shawls and bonnets, and were all the obsequious and politeness of linen cambric and thread lace.

They were very poor for ladies of their birth. They had nothing in the world but their handsome house, furniture and wardrobe.

They prided themselves entirely upon their boarders, for which they had the most extraordinary attractions of politeness and obsequiousness that had the effect of making their guests believe that they were conferring a highly honorable favor in being permitted to board at the "Miss Cranes'."

But if not highly honored they were certainly highly paid, for the Miss Cranes kept a most sumptuous table, daintily beds and apartments.

Presently the Rector's lady, Mrs. Grey was received by the Miss Cranes, with a lofty politeness that was not even her time perfectionate.

Presently the Rector's lady, Mrs. Grey introduced to her acquaintance by Miss Romania Crane, head of Miss Crane's establishment, explained to her the nature of their business there.

Miss Crane listened and smiled a ghastly smile, revealing two rows of false teeth.

"She is, indeed, to you, she enlisted to all our sympathy. She comes to us with a disappointment in her affections, a grief engaged to be married to the late lamented Governor of this State, when, as you know, he was suddenly struck down with apoplexy, and died a few days before the day appointed for the wedding.

Oh, indeed, breathed Miss Crane, in a low, eager voice, leaning all her sadness, and turning to glance at the interesting widowed bride elect.

"Yes. And you will find her a most interesting young person—devoted to good works, one of the excellent of the earth. When she was here, two or three years ago—in the same season that she was engaged to our honored and lamented Governor—she was quite famous for her charities."

"Indeed!" Miss Crane aspirated Miss Crane, glancing at Mrs. Grey.

"I am sure that you will be mutually pleased with each other, and as she has the present her intention to make Richmond her permanent residence, I should not wonder if she also should make your pleasant house her permanent home," added Mrs. Grey.

"Much honored, I'm sure," said Miss Crane, with a mixture of affability and complacency that was as perplexing as it was amusing.

"I will call on you, my dear, to-day, with your sister and Mary Grey," said the Rector's lady, rising and looking at her watch in the windows, near which she and the two ladies were sitting.

The end of all this was, that the Miss Cranes engaged to take Mrs. Grey as a permanent boarder, only asking a few days to prepare the first floor front for her occupation.

The arrangement also had pleased Mary Grey better than this, for she wished to remain at the hotel a few days longer, to receive the calls of her old friends, who would naturally call on her, as soon as they saw her name and address on the cards that she had left for them.

So it was finally arranged that Mrs. Grey should remove from the hotel to the Miss Cranes' on the Monday of the next week.

Then the two took leave, and the Rector's lady drove the visitor back to her hotel, and left her there.

The next day Mrs. Grey had the gratification of hearing from the cards she had left at the different houses of her old friends, and several ladies called on her, and promised to come her to the city with much warmth.

And on the following day she received her first invitation.

The Rector of St. John's paid her a morning visit, bringing a letter with the Charlottesville postmark.

Upon this morning, my dear madam, it was delivered to me by a servant of Mr. Wentworth, the widow of my late lamented friend Richard Wentworth, who died suddenly on the Monday of the next week.

She thanked the reverend gentleman, and held the letter unopened, wondering how Mrs. Wentworth could have known that she was in Richmond.

When the Rector had taken his leave, she opened her letter and read:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA, July 15, 18—.

DEAR MADAM: It will be a sad blow to our household and to our whole community, fearing that you may be in Richmond.

Only on the day before last, when I happened to be in our minster, after morning service, I got a slight clue to you; for he told me that you had asked him for a church letter to the Rector of St. John's Church, Richmond.

Now, my dear madam, I am very unwilling to write to you, with some prospect of having my letter found you, for I am sure that you will not refuse to see Dr. Johns, who will probably by this time have your address.

Dr. Johns is a most excellent man, and I am ashamed to write to you, I must tell you the news, for the great minister of Charlottesville has gone to Heaven.

It is all over; the students, the visitors, and the community are in deep grief, and the church is empty and—peaceful.

Dr. Johns is very solicitous I lamented to lose. They went on describing:

"I mean, of course, your friends from Miss Crane's. They were so attentive.

"I was very much interested in Miss Cavendish. She is a most excellent woman, and I am sure you will be much pleased with her, and will always, I feel sure, be glad to have met her. Miss Cavendish is a most lovely young lady, and I felt very much inclined to know you to be perfectly discreet, and also deeply interested in the position of governess to the young Lord Lynton.

"There are three marriages in prospect, my dear, I see I can tell you, as they are matters of the trashiest and most innocent of human beings. Miss Cavendish is one.

"She is to be married very soon.

"I will tell you all the news, my dear married friend." Mrs. Alden Lytton and her husband are coming.

"And a prudent marriage for her, because she is a widow with an immense fortune. And he, the young lawyer, will soon be rich, for he is engaged to his way yet to make his fortune.

"But what can we be about it?

"Miss Cavendish is a widow, and the other is a spinster. Miss Cavendish is practically, if not legally, her own mistress.

"I see I can not write to you about it, for the question is this is *everything else*, if not in money.

"Miss Cavendish is a most excellent woman, and I am sure that she will make a worthy young clergyman, is devoted to Miss Lytton

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Esqrs. and PROPRIETORS

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1874.

We always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or of the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscription at least one week before the time ex-pires.

OUR TERMS FOR 1872—NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Single copies, $3 per annum; four copies, $10, which is $2.50 a copy; eight copies, $20. The party who sends us $20 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy free. Postmasters and others who get up clubs, in their respective localities, are entitled to the same terms as if for. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage. When a draft or money-order cannot be procured, currency may be enclosed, as it will generally be safe, though the risk of money by mail. The postage on the LEDGER to all parts of the country is only twenty cents a year, or five cents a quarter, payable at the office where it is received.

Be sure to subscribe for the LEDGER. Address all communications to

ROBERT BONNER,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

The Inquisitorial Income Tax—the Tyrant's Rod.

The following questions are propounded by Assessors of the Internal Revenue, and answers to them are required to be made in writing and sworn to:

Had your wife any income last year?

Did any minor child of yours earn any wages or salary last year; and, if so, did you receive such wages or salary?

Have you included in this return the income of your wife, and salary or wages of minor children received?

Have you any stocks, and what are they?

Have you bought or sold any stocks or other property?

Have you any United States securities?

Have you given or transferred to any child or children of yours, or to any other person or persons, the income, gains, or profits, or any part of the income, gains, or profits, arising during the year 1871, from stocks, bonds, or other securities, or from any other source whatever?

Is each income included in the foregoing returns?

Have you transferred any stocks, bonds, or other securities, or any other property, to be delivered or other gains or profits arising therefrom during the year 1871, for the purpose of concealing your own taxable income, and, if so, when and to whom?

Have you kept any book account?

Is your income entirely derived from your books?

Have any of the deductions claimed in your return already been taken out of the amount reported as profits?

Did you estimate any portion of your profits in making your return by percentage?

Was any portion treated as worthless, and, if since paid, what amount has been paid this year?

Was any portion of the amount returned by you under item 6 received by you as a deposit in any savings bank or provident institution, and how much?

This system of rigid and impertinent examination into every man's private affairs might be consistent with a despotic government, but it is wholly at variance with the principles of a free republic. We are not a little surprised if any political party is able long to survive its adoption of such a loathsome and dead weight.

During the war, and immediately after it, people were willing to submit to almost anything, especially if they thought it might be a necessity; but there has already been a great change of feeling in the country, and this change is constantly increasing. Every one now understands that the government could can be maintained only as the people can be paid ultimately, without resorting to the contemptible Paid Note Dodge.

The Income Tax, from the beginning, was an unconstitutional tax. It is a direct tax, and is understood and denominated a direct tax universally in England. The Constitution of the United States provides that direct taxes shall be levied upon the basis of the population of the several States. The Income Tax is not so apportioned, and consequently is a clear violation of the Constitution.

Swarms of Assessors and Collectors, whose occupation it is to enforce this odious and unconstitutional enactment, fill the land. They have to be supported out of the proceeds and ingenuity of the people. These officers, as well as the law which they execute, are gradually coming to be looked upon with loathing and abhorrence. They are pests, and the people desire to be rid of them.

We do not recommend the support of any political party in particular; but we repeat to all public men who identify themselves with the unpatriotic Income Tax system and with the Income Tax as anti-American in sentiment, and severely at war with the genius of American freedom.

The traitors of the *Ledger*, by an out-spoken and consistent opposition to this hateful system, can do much toward hastening the day when the Income Tax will be blotted from the National Statute Book.

Devotion of a Daughter.

The Hon. WILLIAM DORSHEIMER, for many years past one of the leading lawyers at the Maryland Bar, died a few days ago at his mansion. His daughter encountered the risk of contagion from the dreadful disease, and remained by his side throughout his illness. The *Baltimore Evening Journal*, in announcing his death, says:

"Our whole heart goes forth to that heroic daughter, who has exhibited all of the true courage in this terrible ordeal, and the sympathy of the people and the time will go forth to her who is as brave as her dear father, and who, through her devotion,

'The sacrifice of her sex and fearful tenderness,' heroically performed her duty."

THE LEDGER—How we MADE IT SO INTERESTING.—We pay for articles in proportion to their value; but then we never accept anything unless it is very good. The consequence is that when leading outsiders all over the country happen to write anything that is very good—something above their average—they straightway send it to us. We have such an article this week from that popular writer, the Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN of the *Independent*. In this way we get the cream of everything.

Broken Axils—Break Fences.

The cry of "Broken Rail" comes up again from every direction. "Another Railroad Accident—a Broken Rail," says the telegraph, almost daily.

So it is every spring. As the frost begins to leave the ground, the imperfectly constructed road-beds become uneven, and the cracked or worn rails break under the pressure of the locomotive and the cars.

A broken rail? but unfortunately that is seldom all that is broken. Axles, wheels, locomotives—broken heads—lives suddenly extinguished, and then broken hearts below.

Nearly all those occurrences are unnecessary, and might be prevented. They are mainly accidents: but they are the natural and inevitable result of culpable carelessness.

It is time that a heavier pressure should be brought to bear on the managers of railways who neglect their duty. There is little to be expected in the way of criminal punishments. Such punishments are rarely awarded and rarely pronounced, and there is but slight ground to hope that they will become anything but exceptional.

One remedy, however, is practicable: that is, the mulcting of the companies in severe and heavy pecuniary damages. We are glad to see that in a recent case in Massachusetts, which was referred to arbitrators, an award of *twenty-five thousand dollars* has been made! The victim had his fingers and one eye; and when we come to consider the extent and enduring nature of his injuries, it must be seen that even twenty-five thousand dollars is a paltry and inadequate compensation. Where no pecuniary remuneration would be adequate, the fact that the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars is something for the unfortunate sufferer to receive—and that the railway or the railroad corporation to be compelled to pay!

One of the arbitrators was formerly Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, and the other two were lawyers of standing. We hope their example will be followed hereafter by juries in all cases of damages for injuries, so as to render it quite impossible to come out of order, and subject passengers to unnecessary risks wherever any accident may happen and injury to travellers results, let the compensation be what it may in the shape of—no sore small and niggard sum, but full, ample and large.

A wise economy would anticipate any such claims by providing against the accidents and their prevention: and this would be far better, both for the corporations and the public.

The Prevalence and Horrors of Opium Eating.

The Massachusetts State Board of Health has published a document on opium eating in that State, which will be read with interest and surprise and pain in its readers. The number of opium eaters in the Commonwealth is set down at over eighty thousand. The increase in the consumption of the drug is rapid, from year to year. The habit of using opium, when once formed, is controlled with the greatest difficulty, and by far the greater number find it impossible ever to shake it off. If less marked in its immediate effects than alcohol, opium is not less sure of its victim. A man who begins to eat opium as a luxury, or to relieve pain, will find, and slowly, but with steady rising, feels the need of it, and he will be killed by it by the time there are thirty. Many who have abandoned alcoholic drink for the use of opium, and a Boston druggist states that a noted temperance lecturer is one of his regular customers for this drug. Women constitute the larger number of the victims of opium, and many of them, like babes, are taking medicines largely composed of opium. Some of the victims take two ounces of laudanum in a day, and yet are induced to forego the indulgence. The attempt to break off from the habit is accompanied with such intolerable suffering that they prefer death as an alternative.

St. Patrick's Day—An Amusing Discussion.

"Why is the wolf out of Ireland?"

"Because St. Patrick was suckled by a wolf, don't you see?"

"No! that was Romulus."

"All a mistake, my dear fellow; it was Patrick, and his folks were called Patricians, same as ourselves, and they ruled the city, same as we do."

"But that was in ancient Rome—"

"Ancient Rome! Not a bit of it—same, same as ourselves."

"Well! but you mistake: the Patricians were the governing families—"

"Just so; and surely we are the governing families, and pretty big ones too?"

"Now you're all wrong: the Patricians had the riches and the rule, and the people got up tribunes—"

"Did ye ever hear the like? The people got up tribunes! as if every mother's son of us hadn't a vote in the ward meetings! Look up the *Tribune*! It's ashamed of yourself ye ought to be!"

Unable to Resist the Temptation.

There are some men—very few, to be sure—who ought not to read the *Ledger*. The reason is that they cannot resist the temptation of sending us articles for publication. They have not sufficient sense of justice to make them credit to us what they receive from us, and at the same time they find things in it so interesting that they cannot resist the temptation to copy them, and thus give some popularity to their own articles. Of such is the editor of this paper a little daily. The editor seems to have forgotten that he is not one of the writers whom he used to republish the costly *Ledger* stories with impunity.

Another of the same kind is the editor of *Moore's Rural New Yorker*. Even if a man does not afford to pay for the articles he appropriation, he might be fair enough to give credit.

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A Singular Revenge.

The Fatherless Fawn. A Story with the following ending.

About forty years ago there resided in the town of Jackson, Washington county, a well-to-do farmer, named Jacob Hamilton, who was also a famous hunter, and who had killed more deer than all of the use of intoxicating drinks, and when under the influence of the latter he would sometimes be liberal to such an extent that he would give away his entire crop of corn. On one of these occasions he was hauling that he would thus squander all his effects, a countryman was obtained and the property placed in the hands of his son. When papers were served on the old man, it remained, by the agreement, in the possession of the son, who proceeded to enjoyed and take care of the stock, feed, take care of and. He immediately took to his bed and continued to remain there day and night, for twenty years. For the first few years after the old man's death every Saturday, November, and then immediately take to his bed again, but for the last fifteen years of his life he was waited upon as an infant, notwithstanding he enjoyed good health and was in the possession of all his faculties, mental and physical.

FLYING KITES.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

No doubt, Mr. Bonner, when you have been driving out, and a little boy's little kite came bobbing around your horse's head, caused him to shy, you have felt like scolding the careless urchin, or even perhaps—such is the depravity of the human heart—giving him a cut with your whip.

But if you were the boy? Suppose you had been shut up in a narrow alley, with but a little square of earth to contain yourself in, and kicked around generally, all winter. Attempt spring comes! O the opening of the cold hearts to those who have been pinched all winter! The boy cannot buy a kite; he has not a red cent! He ascends out a great, or rough paper, pin a stick to stiffen it, tie together bits of twine, and away thread, and then, seeking a little street or some vacant lot, he runs with it, and lo! it goes "on earth here!" The poor whirling kite bobs about, now plunging into the ditch, then making for a tree, or sprawling right across a horse's path. But then, to the lad, it is an overflowing experience. He knows that he looks as long up into the heaven. Mostly he thinks of nothing; he thinks of everything. Something of his own fluttering up in the clear air, something of the soaring of his heart, something of the longing aspiration up to God—he sings and shouts and leaps, and for a few short, important hours does that ragged boy, and there is just where he differs from a rich man's son. He has made the gentleman's beams; he says; it was made for the victim had all his fingers and one eye; and when we come to consider the extent and enduring nature of his injuries, it must be seen that even twenty-five thousand dollars is a paltry and inadequate compensation. Where no pecuniary remuneration would be adequate, the fact that the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars is something for the unfortunate sufferer to receive—and that the railway or the railroad corporation to be compelled to pay!

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LA BELLE SAUVAGE.

BY REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

There she was, prancing down the avenue, with the high-stepping, short-chopping gait of the period! The rings are on in her nose, and they dangle from her ears and bulge out the fingers of her dainty kids; the feathers are not in her hair, but they nod and nod in rakish fashion from the top of her jockey: the paint-pot is on her cheeks, but the only it is plain that the artist who put it on has not yet learned to rival the fresh tints of Titian.

Is it not a pity that so beautiful a creature should be only a savage? Shiny form, the graceful gesture, the delicate hand, the rather fair face, kindle your admiration—almost awaken your awe. Is there anything fairer on the earth? Is it possible that any vision lovelier than this should haunt the dreams of the poet or painter?

Yet it must be owned, that when the eye has looked upon that point in the picture which ought to be most luminous—upon the face, from which should shine a light that no painter ever yet put upon the canvas—you are a little disappointed. In its central glory, there is only a vacant smear of blankness of your thought. Those eyes have not enough of intelligence in them; those lips are unwritten with the scorn of scorn, and there is the faintest hint of that sensuality upon the inviting lips.

The eye part, and you listen. Horror of horrors! Clearly this equals in the language of a semi-barbarian! The nurse to whose care the little creature was intrusted is a Frenchified, has given her a dialect and a style of pronunciation which is anywhere else than in Paris to correct. And the attractive locks scattered so well and freely, are they not? Yes, well enough, but not so flippant and facile. A coiffeur smooth, it is flippant; the salooner, a few comparisons, a range of long and well-adjusted adjectives, a torrent of garb. One mark of the savage is the lack of the power of exaggeration and superlative.

Yet the language, of inquiry and discovery that the mind is full of emptiness; you look for thoughts, and you find them not; you find them limp and inactive. Because the language is not there, you say that the thoughts are not there. Not so fast, my friend. There is that that which she finds in costume and personal display, and it is the things that are seen; there is no sign of any high development of mind or heart. Sobbing from the sum of her mental acquisitions all the knowledge and power of the beautiful inventions of stylish living—take away the exterior scarce any of the intelligence which we remember would not differ greatly from the savage. Yet she is not a savage. She is a lady, and she is a child of God.

It is of course impossible that any person should live in a city like this without learning something, but it is astonishing how little she learns. Her mind seems to have been given entire to dress.

"That title, Mister; do you see it?—way up in the corner, in the very corner of the sky. Is that any kind?"

Wilkins looked himself in some blind way to see the object to which the boy referred. For hours he will stand and watch it, almost without moving his head. "Mister, do you? How deep, how pure the blue Beyond is! A boy's eye, the boy's eye is the best. Look, look, yards to 'give it a start!' some eagle, say, or some hawk, will sail into sight, will rise and slowly, but with steady rising, fetch up to the very top of the sky. Then, with a few flaps, he will be satisfied, and bring the line in curve to the right, then to the left, is the boy's eye. Such a sight! Such a sky! such fleecy, straight into the heavens! That was the boy's thought, and he expressed it."

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It is of course impossible that any person should live in a city like this without learning something, but it is astonishing how little she learns. Her mind seems to have been given entire to dress. Especially is it lamentable that her mind is not receptive in the midst of such a civilization, to grow up in ignorance.

Within a few years, the Central Park, with its museum, would bring them abundant material for such knowledge. She will not study at all may get a liberal education. Within a hundred miles, Cooper Union, the Astor Library, the Academy of Design, the Historical Society, the Natural History Society, and our public-school system, with all the world is there so much to awaken the mind, to feed the soul. Even in London the provision is not so large as it might be, and not so many come to the demand. Galleries, libraries, cabinets, lectures, schools of art, are open to a people of all classes, and are sparingly occupied. And thousands of these girls, who are living in the midst of all these things, have only leisure, and the wealth and opportunity—walk in the midst of them, and know not enough about them to think; pass every day the portals that invite to their pursuits, without a desire to enter. What is worse, five all their lives within reach of these means of enlightenment, without a feeling of responsibility, or a purpose of using them.

I have said that the girls of the cities are not to be blamed for this ignorance. The best girls in the world—the most highly cultured, the most truly refined—are found in the large towns among these whose lives are little in the cities. It takes high character to resist the influences which are all about us. They are omnipotent. The women who set their fashions are not to be blamed. They are the women whose prize is far above rubies. Our girls are not to be blamed. They are not to take to say how many of them belong in this class. Many of them are not. But the influences which are brought to bear upon them show that of the savage, and who are doing the most to bring this down from the savage gaudy and tinselled barbarism.

Look at the children who were placed last in a reception, which, it was announced, "Miss Fashion" would attend. Look at the party at all, and there I say little girls in the dress of "Miss Fashion." Look at the little girls who are being driven in the parks, from room to room and utterly concerned with the dress of "Miss Fashion." Look at the contemptuous glances which they cast upon the children who were plainly dressed; it was painful to think that they were so young and so early made to feel their chief enjoyment in show and splendor; that they were learning to look down upon those who could not afford it. "O you little savages!" I said, "what a beauty you are!" I never saw a finer child. But the thoughts and thoughts upon which those young immortals are feeding—upon the vainness and brainless speech by which their tongues were already defiled! Is it necessary to say that they had learned the of their mothers? It is these little girls who oughts life in the true should grow to be beautiful savages!

Died on His way to a Funeral.

The body of ADIN CARR, a little boy who fell through the ice last winter, at Salem, Mass., was recovered only a few days ago. The Salem *Standard* relates the following incident of the little fellow's funeral:

"On Wednesday last, as Mr. JOHN MCDONOUGH was passing through Salem street, on his way to burial, he was noticed to fall over in his wagon. He was taken up and placed on the seat, but after proceeding a short distance became unable to sit erect, and his head was discovered to be dying. He was conveyed to the residence of Bowman Cowdrey, to whom he breathed his last. The cause of his death was heart disease."

A Cyclone in Tennessee.

The Nashville Union describes the destruction caused by a cyclone which recently swept over a portion of Tennessee, says:

"The noise increased every moment, and resembled the roar of a mighty cataract. Suddenly an immense volume of black clouds, resembling a huge mass, descended from the sky, and struck like an arrow across the ground. It rushed down with terrific accompaniment by rain and vivid lightning. Seeing the fallen giants of the forest by the limbs, it wrenched them from the ground and hurled them in every direction. It moved in a south-westerly direction, in a solid, continuous body about three hundred yards wide, swiftly as the flight of a bird. Everything in its path was torn and thrown backward to guide its course. Houses, fences, trees, and everything else were blown down and mixed in one promiscuous ruin.

GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

BY LOUISE A. UNDAY.

Do you know I am thinking, to-morrow
We shall pass, on our journey through life,
One more of the milestones that bring us
Still nearer the goal, my dear wife?
The glad anniversary morning
Of our wedding—it is not the same now,
And its evening will bid a sad parting,
Who had thought to have gone long before.

We are old, wife; I know by this furrow
Which has come in the place of your hair;
I know by the crown of bright silver
That shines in the place of your hair;
I know by the fingers and ankles,
That thickened our life at its dawn;
I know by the wrinkles and spectacles
Where we counted our dead yesterday.

Your eye has also wrinkles and spectacles,
Your gloss has been Trouble, good wife—
Your cheeks are still rich in the roses
Have made per nose round through life.
But may the thought cheer you, my dear one:
In her patience and power, clinging love
Have made for me here such a heaven,
That I fear me I shall miss it hereafter!

In life's winter, sweet wife, we are living,
Our children are gone from our side,
Who have left us to make their own homes
With hearts of their own, each to each, all in all!
Yet we are not lonely, but faithful:
Giving thanks, down the valley we go;
Trusting and to grow old together
In the highest bliss mortals can know.

Some children are still in the nest,
And lighten our hearts day by day;
But soon they will fly to the west,
And we shall be left all alone.
We have sowed, and have reaped; but the harvest
That garners the world we await
Is the one that will make us forever
Together the husband and mate.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRLS OF NEW YORK.

One of the prettiest sights to be seen in the early morning is that of the little girls going to school. I like them better than the boys, because then their sweet little faces beam from out little close bonnets, drawn under their red cheeks; and their little fat calves have not yet to be tanned with the wind as to a sound gamy carriage; so that what with bathing with their sandwiches and their clean pinafores, their glancing white teeth make a very lovely show between their lips. What gentleman, with the love of a father, but would rather help a flock of these pretty birds across the street than a bevy of prairie-cat ladies who shrink from their touch, all the while they are ready to scream with fright if they are not taken by the arm. Commend me to the little girls of five and twelve, who, not yet having arrived at the dignity of crinoline, trip with delicious quickness. Mr. Policeman! Mr. Gentleman! please come carry me over the street." And then the sweet voice with a cloud of bees all they are all safely landed on the other side.

Bless their little innocent faces! It is so good as a tonic for the heart to see them, and to see such sweet specimens of womanhood growing up. Not so much moral filth, which they seem to find nothing to feed upon, in the streets.

As it is rather an exception to find a little girl beggar, so is it rare either a little street brat, or a little well-dressed ruffian and bully. Occasionally one comes across a little girl in company, with the same satisfaction as I do in finding a four-leaved clover, and I am sure they shouldn't be so well-nourished a little race if they were always kept as in Europe, in the nursery.

Rev. Dr. John Hall on a Certain Class of Daily Papers.

[From the Evening Telegram Intelligencer.]

The views of events and tendencies given in the following sermon will be new to many readers. An earnest man is often a "bigot" or a "fanatic" in the eyes of others. Sprinkled in a only a little way above help to your ordinary "Sunday" paper, the Rev. Dr. Hall's sermon will be found to make the reader think. Dr. Hall's touch is so clumsy, or irreverent, that religion seems to be dragged down to the level of the affairs of this world. Let something grieving it so that the heart is touched, and the reader is one on hand; and the interviewer—the "gossip" of the day—is not to be found. Dr. Hall is a leader of thought, and his sermon will be found to be full of thought, and feels religious people are. It is a sermon that every one should read. Things have not been in worst families. The following sermon, on Sunday, was preached in the Rev. Dr. Hall's church in Fifth Avenue, near Forty-eighth street, New York:

A Desperate Fight with Three Bears.

Joseph Ensminger and his wife have made a small settlement on the Kaskaskia River, Missouri. Previously, on which they have a comfortable log cabin, a small farm, several head of cattle, and a few pigs. About nine o'clock on Thursday evening, Mrs. Ensminger, who was then engaged in the cattle and pigs at the barn, observed a large bear approaching the pigs. She screamed to her husband, who was in the house, and he, having a sack down, and were preparing to drag it out of the house. The bear, on hearing the noise, dropped their teeth and sitting suddenly upon the ground, and the bear, on hearing the noise, dropped their teeth and sitting suddenly upon the ground, and made preparations to attack the bears. He seized a fence rail, and, rushing to the scene of the battle, found the bear had already killed one of the pigs. The bear, on hearing the noise, made bold and fierce attack upon the bear, which was about to drag up their prey. Rising upon her haunches, the old bear received the attack of the infuriated man, and, seizing fiercely, the bear attempted to run away with the pig. The bear, however, thinking that if she were to be killed she would be killed and eaten, and her cubs would be killed and eaten, and her cubs would be killed and eaten, and her cubs

BY AND BY.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

A rosing voice, with patient cry,
A sorrow born of shadowed years,
Echoed the weary heart's despair.

Over and through the city's roar,
The monotone of toil and unrest,
The gathered cares of many lives,
I heard them always borne along.

Weary and worn, and forward bent,
As one who runs for life, yet still
Unconscious, supports on fainting feet
Though failing breath be almost spent;

Yakes no heed of grandeur's show,
Of women's faces young and fair,
Of children's laughter and their play,
Nor gaudy trinkets by the way,

I see a pilgrim, staff in hand,
His bright eyes fixed and earnest,
With grimmate tattered and unclean,
And face by time and weather seared.

"See, I shall find him," so the cry
Sounded beyond me, on I went,
Sounded beside me, fell and clear;
"I find my brother by and by."

"There," you say? Ah, yes; but think
Of all the hopes incarnate there!
While so near others cry dream,
Our visions fade, or die and fear.

Or come from the life, more than we,
Hope sometimes, but more despair;
Faith never shows her shield or sword now him,
And dreams are his beauty.

Could we but hold our trust so firm,
Clearing our phantoms on ahead,
With His infinite love, unerring trust,
We yet might carry him at last.

MARK HEBER'S LUCK;

OR,

Life on the Plains.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "BOY SNIPE," "THE SMOKE HOUSE MYSTERY," "NICK O' BEARDS," "THE CLUB-FOOT HEAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A TERRIBLE CAPTIVITY.

It did not require the taunting words of the ruffian Pete to declare to Mark Heber that his most terrible crisis in his life had arrived.

He was a prisoner in the fort, in a dungeon of solitude, and the foe even the most powerful field-glass could not discover, crouched amongst the dense shadows where death now contracted him.

A dozen painted savages, with naked breasts, floating scalp locks, and bedecked, exulting faces, had leaped up from the ground where they had lain like so many logs, and were now surrounding him with hideous yells and whoops.

And Mark, not less terrible than the Indians, with savage hatred distorting his visage, stood in the youth's very pathway like a wall of rock.

"Surrender!" yelled Burk, in a frightful imitation of the voice and words of the young scout, "or you're a dead coon!"

Mark Heber, standing behind him, on either side of him, with a swift, keen glance, Retreat was impossible. Before him was a dusky foe, and terrific death.

"How many men have you here?" he asked quickly.

"Just twelve, now that Red Fox is gone."

"And Blue Jacket is coming to join you? How many scan has he with him?"

Burk, with that mad out far and wide, back leaped upon him, seizing the bridle of the white horse and the rider's left arm.

The white horse leaped aside with the quickness of a cat, as he saw the movement of his foe, and, with his left arm free, struck the breast of a painted savage behind him.

The savage, with a whoop, bounded up into the air full five feet, and then fell forward upon his face upon the ground, dead.

In less time than it takes to tell it, Mark had disarmed Burk of his pistols, his revolver was taken from his by Burk, and he was bound with thongs of buckskin by the Indians, Burk's own hands being secured, his hands were fastened securely behind his back, and he was made the prisoner that he some worthless bauble.

Burk put Mark's weapons in his belt. One of the Indians led the youth's horse to a little glade at the further side of the grove, and secured him to a tree in the midst of a dozen of his companions.

The savage bowed to their fallen comrade. He was dead, with a bullet-hole through his painted breast, and shocked by the fatal, spasm of pain. His comrades talked amongst themselves in the Dacota tongue, some with gleaming eyes and frequent glances of menace at their helpless prisoner, and then they turned upon Burk, demanding Heber's blood.

"How will you kill him?" asked Burk coolly, as he sat in the saddle of the white horse, and looked down upon the Dacotas in defiance of their wrath.

"We will tear him to pieces with knives and tomahawks, and then feed the dogs with his flesh!" answered the chief of the band, with a grim smile.

"Then you will lose your scalps!" said Burk, with a laugh.

"How?" asked the chief, with a start.

"Why, Blue Jacket is coming to join you? How many scan has he with him?"

"Forty more braves, to-day, the flower of the Dacotas, under Yake, Blue Jack's Indian chief, have started against the white dogs in triumph. Fifty-two braves in all, besides Blue Jack, Pringle and me."

The death-like pallor on Mark's face grew yet more ashen.

And these men are all on the war path?" he asked.

Burk assented.

"What are they going to do?" demanded Mark sharply.

"They are going to attack your settlement to-night," answered Burk, with a laugh, "and they're going to do. If the settlers resist, they will be murdered, and if they don't, they will be carried into captivity. And as will your sister Ruth."

Mark's face grew more ashen. His heart, A thrill of horror convulsed his frame. He remained at his bench in a fearful agitation, cutting his wrists with the thongs until they bled.

Burk watched him, still with that ugly laugh.

You begin to feel something of my revenge, I reckon," he said, with a sneer, "though. In a short space of time you will be deprived to make yourself as big a lot of cousins as any other fellow ever had in one existence. First I'm your enemy, and there are men that will be after you, and I rather die outright than to drag out a life of misery as you will. Then, I'm your foe, for while that I'm their enemy, Thor Pringle, who carries your sister in his love, has vowed to kill you. And Blue Jack gives you a grudge for the death of Red Fox, his brother. And all these Indians are his friends, and they love life. I wouldn't be in your boots for all the money in the universe."

Mark's own prospects were black and despairing, but the youth had a thought for his sister.

The situation of Gay and her companions at the fort appalled him.

Only a few members of the fort were now left to defend it against a band of savages, and would the Dacotas be content with Mark Heber's scalp, or would they not demand the scalps of the little garrison.

Of the eight persons left in defence of the fort, six, including himself, were mere youths and boys. He felt that he was the cause of a man's work, could have fought like a tiger in defence of Gay and the helpless women and children in the fort, but he could not do it bound hand and foot.

He believed that the seven men who were upon he now believed to be at the fort, could defend the settlement against a dozen Indians, but he did not believe that they could hold out against the large body of savages who were to attack the fort that night.

His death he believed, and the settlement was doomed.

Like a piece of utter despair, he rolled over and turned his anguished face to the ground. He could not bear to look upon the dreadful grief of his sister Ruth.

Burk was about to utter fresh taunts, when now, suddenly, still from all parts of the fort, a thought of Indians now, yet the grove at sunset, whistled through the wood.

In the next instant an antelope, all panting and breathless, with wild eyes, crashed through the grove, and leaped over the fence into the glade.

Like lightning, several of the Indians seized their rifles and leaped forward, their looking expectantly to the westward. Some of the flying fiends threw themselves to the ground, their rifles beside them, and with slightly crested heads, looked sharply.

Burk rolled over into a little hollow, his head on his arm.

Mark comprehended that an arrival was expected, and looked with all his eyes.

A hurried tramp and a breathless pause at the entrance of the wood, but before the Indians, savages could stir from their ambush, Mark yelled, at the top of his ringing voice:

"Indians! Indians! Back to the fort, whoever you are, and spread the alarm. Back!"

A cry of surprise rang through the grove, and from the lips of the hunter, who escaped by retreat.

The savages, leaping out upon him, seized his horse, and dragged him from the saddle. There was no resistance—no further outcry. The surprise had been too sudden, the attack too overpowering.

The hunter's horse was led by one of the Indians to the glade where the white steeds were fastened, and the hunter was dragged to the fort, a prisoner in the midst of which Mark Heber lay bound and helpless.

The light that streamed into the small space of the fort from the door of the new cabin.

Mark Heber recognized him with a mouth. "Why, Whitman, your presence was Will Whitman!"

"I came to guard the fort," said Burk, scoffing, "so much the better!"

Will Whitman looked upon Burk, and then upon Mark with a greater fear than had yet possessed him.

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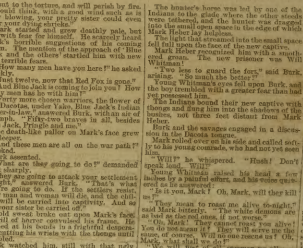

MARK HEBER AND WILL WHITMAN MAKING THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS.

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Mark coolly, although his heart sank within him like lead.

"You must have been mad when you shot at me and killed Red Fox," said Burk. "Don't you know that such an act would seal your own death warrant?"

"I had a time for a whole chapter of reasoning," declared Mark calmly. "You stood in my way, your hand on the bridle of my horse. The first movement you or anyone was to remove you from my path. I tried to remove you, and killed one of your friends. That's all."

"Yes, that's all," mocked Burk, "but it's quite enough to fix you. The Indians are sure to torture you to death when captured, and Miss Jack and the others come up, you'll

MARK HEBER AND WILL WHITMAN MAKING THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS.

have a chance to see it. Then you'll come in for your share of the torture, and will suffer by fire. I should think, with a great deal of pain. I never knew burning, your pretty sister could hear your dying shrieks."

Mark started and grew deathly pale, but not with fear for himself. He scarcely heard Burk's horrible suggestions of his own doom. The mention of the approach of Blue Jack and his band had startled him with a new and terrific fear.

"How many men have you here?" he asked quickly.

"Just twelve, now that Red Fox is gone."

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ground, and thrust them in his pockets. Then he seized a fine double-barrelled rifle, which example young Whitman followed.

They crept toward the two outermost horses, unseen by them.

They were within fifty feet of the steeds, when the latter caught their ears at their approach, when the lead plaster rang through the silent camp. Warhoops and flesh-like yells filled the slumbering air.

With a single bound, Mark gained the side of the horse he had selected, and another bound placed him in the saddle.

A stroke of the hunting knife severed the strap, and his horse was free. Striking out that spurs like lightning, uttering a yell that was more than hideous, the savage steed, with its riderless, Mark rode through the trees, and out upon the prairie like the wind.

Young Whitman was half paralyzed by the terrifying yells for a short moment; then he also leaped upon the nearest horse, cut his tether, and rode after Mark Hefner, with an unerring trail.

The Indians fired swiftly upon the fugitives, but their shots fell far wide of the mark, and the two excited hosts of the savages, and on the start already gained by the fugitives.

With a great curse, Buck flew to the glade and mounted, flying in swift pursuit, the big savage did the same. The others followed.

Then was no longer any need to conceal their presence in the neighborhood from the settlers, who must learn of Mark Hefner and young Whitman, if the two made good their escape.

Pursuit was now to be made openly, and so it was. Yells, Terrific was the beginning of the chase—terrific in continuity.

"Shoot him! Kill him!" cried Buck excitedly, spurring his steed to greater exertion. "He's got my horse, curse him, the fleetest fellow except the Cayuse in the region. Save the horse. Kill the boy!"

But the event just hurtling after the fugitives, but Mark half lowered himself behind his horse. Commanding his steed, young Whitman did the same.

Then in the sunlight of the glorious July day the two young fellows saw the savage stockade of their fort distinctly, the ammunition of its guns bristling through clear and pure.

They must be looking for us, Will," cried Mark. "Some one must be looking for us out of the loop-holes. We must be discovered. They will be warned. We shall not die, if we must die now, in vain."

He rose in his saddle and waved his arm wildly. Young Whitman did the same. Yells and hurrahs were heard distinctly.

Motion to them at the fort, Will," he shouted. "How deep your flag is."

They spurred onward over the level prairie, the pursuers, frightful in aspect, riding after them, and making the air ring with their frightful whoops.

The shots whistled above them and past them, but they were still unhurt.

Upon a slight ridge in the soil, a mile from the fort, Mark turned his head and saw that the Indian's horse suddenly stumbled and fell, and rejoined his mates instantly, but the moment's loss of time thus incurred was an advantage to one of the Indians who had been gaining upon the fugitives, and who was now in advance of his companions.

Mark wheeled in the saddle, levelled his rifle, and shot the Indian's horse in the shoulder.

Then he spurred on once more.

But he saw that there was great cause for the fort, that the fugitives were scarcely time to notice this fact, or to be alarmed at it.

"Are you up?" They must be cried Mark, his head low on his horse's neck. "This is a ride for life, Will, for our own lives, and the lives of those near and dear to us. The Indians seem to gain. We must ride like the faster! They will shoot us down, or capture us."

And, spurred by this terrible fearfulness, the two young fugitives pressed on toward the fort like maniacs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RINA'S LOVER.

BY MATHILDE RETVAN.

It was a fine morning, and the air had an exquisite warm, and Miss Eastlake was sitting on the piazza of her father's house, in the expectation to enjoy the delightful breeze which the evening must bring after the heat of the summer day. She was a lovely girl, this youngest daughter of the rich planter, and the neighborhood of Jacobs merchant, Eastlake, and as the air played with her beautiful light hair, and the refreshing sunset cools and ribbon, delighting in the beauty of nature, and in the sweet feeling inspires a fairer picture in her youthful mind.

The pet of her family, Rina was also the acknowledged favorite of the whole neighborhood, she children loved her, the poor and sick men adored her for her shy and timid looks, and the girls would have also ashamed to be envious of one who, neither vain nor coquettish, was always willing to be loved by her companions.

She seemed to be deeply interested in a book she was reading, as the reader mentioned evening, and paid no attention to the passers-by, although it was near the principal road to town, and the street was lively with people riding and promenading at the time of the day. Hearing, however, some one opening the gate, she looked up, and saw a young man looked at and approached her with a smile. He hands as she saw Mr. Robinson, friend of her father's, accompanied by a tall Indian, who stopped about like one blindfolded. Bright flowers of dazzle and gaudy appearance in her dance before her, until they became black spots, and she saw the Indian remained standing at the foot of them, having beat his large dark eyes upon the astonished, almost frightened girl.

Rina rose with a singular request to you, Miss Rina," said Mr. Robinson, taking a seat on the piazza. "My young friend there has seen dazzling outside the fence, and wishes to inside, looking at you, or rather, admiring you. We had come to see your father, and in fact he has become so enchanted with your that he told me to wait here, and that you and bring him one of your books, for believing the country exciting and refined to win my, must possess some great charm for him."

Rina, of course, thought that the young was jesting. Rina laughed, and was going to call her mother, but Mr. Robinson detained her, told her that he was quite in earnest, and that if she would listen to the request of his friend, she would read a storied determination in his countenance to wait for a book of her hand.

Rina now really frightened, hold her curls with both hands, as if she were afraid that the eyes of the Indian were drawing them toward him. Calling for her mother, she ran into the house.

What story is this which Rina has been telling me?" said Mrs. Eastlake, a fine looking matron, taking a seat by Mr. Robinson, as she shook hands with him.

A romantic but true tale, and the hero, Mr. Robinson, pointing to the Indian, who still stood at the foot of the steps, the lady's attention to the silent son of the forest, who had not evidently not before noticed.

What a handsome youth!" said Mrs. Eastlake, looking at his fine, athletic figure. "Why do you not chat a tall, strong boy here? I am afraid that he will ere long draw a crowd of people around the house."

There is no one in calling him," said Mr. Robinson, "and that is why I wished you to come here to call. Rina had given him a book to look at, and he seems to be quite at rest. Do the same place to converse if your daughter refuses his request. He came with some chiefs to Washington, and I dare say we shall be able to keep and civilize him, as his father died on the route. He is an intelligent fellow but so firm and unbending as a rock."

No chance seems left to Rina but to grant his wish," said Mrs. Eastlake, smiling.

She called her daughter, who very reluctantly appeared, and strongly protested when she saw a pair of scissors in her mother's hand. Persuaded at length, she bent her head, and, with the Indian's mother, pointed to his glorious rang.

The young, bewildered girl, who was inclined to think she was dreaming, and would, as a remark, the young man had awakened Aunt Chloe, telling her to bring him a basin with warm water and some linen. Supposing that he was a physician, sent by Dr. Pyne, the woman hastened to do his bidding.

Mrs. Eastlake washed the bandage from Rina's eyes, who, like one fascinated by the serpent's eye, made his hands no movement to stay him.

Mrs. Eastlake, with her eyes carefully, he carefully laid her head upon the couch she had that his hand, until now so firm, trembled.

She stooped, and he, with unmistakable emotion, "When the stars merrily twinkle tonight, I shall tell them that their number will soon be augmented by two other bright stars."

Mixing something in the water Aunt Grace with, he said that a fever was coming on, and that it would be best to keep the bandage on her eyes, which

BE CAREFUL! OH, MY SON!

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

You are going away from home, my son,
Be careful! Be careful!
For we all must go—in the same way—
As we have made our bed.

You carry away a boy's true heart,
And a devout though fervent love attained;
Oh! bring us back in its place, my son,
As handsel all unstained.

You are going away from home and friends—
From a mother's loving care—
From a father's counsel and guidance given—
Be careful! Be careful, my son!

Going away to the gay, to the pleasure-seeking,
Tell us! Are your wording pieces
That will tempt perhaps your untried feet
From the better way to meet.

Whatever we sow we shall reap," my son,
So is plainly an immutable word;
So it indeed wrathful or cypress boughs;
Palm branches or olive seeds!

A DARING GAME;
Neva's Three Lovers.

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,
AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "HIS RAILWAY BRIDE," "THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST," "THE OLD LION'S SHADOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.
LALLY AND MRS. WROAT.

The simplicity of the words that broke the announcement of her marriage to Mr. Hamilton's young governess from Mrs. Blight's eccentric mouth, seemed to have astonished the latter lady completely. Indeed, Mrs. Wroat uttered a strange exclamation, and looked from the face of the pale, sweet-eyed girl standing at the young girl in a picturing gaze, but could not utter a word. Almost unconsciously to herself, however, her quivering excitedly, and she began to pace the floor with a step that was nervous and agitated. Lally watched her as she stood at Lally with a wondering look and to confession just.

"Who—who did you say you were?" demanded Mrs. Wroat, at last, in a voice that would speak, in shocked, tender tones—"Neva?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wroat, I am Neva Hamilton," replied Lally, gently, and, concluding in her own mind that Mrs. Wroat was a mere imbecile, voiced what name you to be.

"Yes, yes, I know," cried the old lady impatiently, "I am not deaf, child."

"Nobody, ma'am—only Lally Bird, the governess."

"Ah-h!" said the old lady, in an odd, choked voice, and then, "Lally Bird! Lord bless me! Lally Peters!"

Mrs. Wroat looked as the young governess with such a curious mingling of grave and such a glow on her sallow, withered face, that Lally involuntarily shrank a step toward the door.

"It's the young lady, ma'am," whispered Peters, "that's all, ma'am."

"Hush!" said the old woman, impatiently. "I'm not deaf, I tell you. I've answered you already, and I'm not going to repeat myself."

"It seemed to me you answered me, ma'am," answered Mrs. Wroat, grimly.

"Then you were mistaken," said the old lady, turning severely upon her. "I've been listening to every word you've said, and I've been thinking all the while. Lally Peters, you're a fool!"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mrs. Wroat, with a humble air.

"Nobody, ma'am—only Lally Bird, the governess."

Ah-h!" said the old lady, in an odd, choked voice, and then, "Lally Bird! Lord bless me! Lally Peters!"

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"Hush!" said the old woman, impatiently. "I'm not deaf, I tell you. I've answered you already, and I'm not going to repeat myself."

"It seemed to me you answered me, ma'am," answered Mrs. Wroat, grimly.

Lally retreated another step toward the door.

"If you please, ma'am," she said, in a very flattering voice, "I will come and plan for you to-morrow."

"No, you won't," repeated Mrs. Wroat. "Now you are here, you'll stay here till I am through with you, no matter how you like it."

Lally brought to her support a pretty, gifted disguise that she well knew her round, gipsy face.

"Come, madam," she answered; "you are Mrs. Wright, the old lady's daughter."

"Yes, I am only the uncle's widow. Come enter the drawing-room."

Lally came forward hesitatingly, and stood under the great chandelier whose dozen wax-candles burned mellowly from a forest of tall candle-stems. The soft glow fell upon Lally's face and figure. She was thin, but her form was full, symmetrical, and of perfect feature, with her morning dress, with a red flush on her dark cheeks, and a bright light in her velvety black eyes, she was very pretty, with a dark gipsy beauty that seemed to reign in Mrs. Wroat.

"The very image of poor Clara," muttered the old lady, "the very image of what I was at her age. There, Peters, if you want to go now I don't mind—in my absence at that girl."

However Mrs. Wroat might have locked in her far-off past, she looked now like a malignant old fairy, in her gown of black velvet, and with her cloak of purple velvet wrapped around her shoulders. Her diamonds were not brighter than her eyes, which seemed each piercing glance that Lally's face and form. Lally's heart sank, and the old lady noticed it. "Give the girl that chair of the old lady's daughter."

The maid silently handed the slip of paper to Lally, and placed it in the governess' unwilling hand.

"It is an advertisement for me, madam as she demanded. "I am Lally Bird. Are—are you Mrs. Wroat?"

"Of course," answered Peters for the mistress of the old lady. "You I am M. W.—Maria Wroat."

"And you were about to advertise for a madam? I—I don't understand. Or, is there here other Mrs. Bird?"

"No danger of that," said Mrs. Wroat. "There were two women of them in this world are silly and monstrously as your mother-in-law, Lally Bird. Now, you know it all. Sit down to lunch. What a name! But for fear you mother was not the only goose in the world who married a Bird, there are some few questions. What was your father's name, and what his business?"

"He was a corn-chandler in the City, and his name was John Bird," answered Lally, with bewildered.

"And what was your mother's name before her marriage?"

"Clara Mildred Percy—"

Mrs. Wroat gave a lower little gasp, and her hands trembled, and she looked at her faithful maid-servant, Peters, triumphantly.

"Do you hear that, Peters?" she whispered. "Clara Mildred Percy! Lally Peters, you're a fool! Didn't I tell you so?"

She was the daughter of a country gentleman who owned an estate in Hampshire. There were seven children besides my mother. They were all very proud of their descent. The estate was entailed, and went to a distant relative. Clara married my father against the wishes of her friends, and was disowned by all but her own family.

And very properly too, I should say. If a girl chooses to marry a man who is not fit even to occupy an ancestor's petted daughter, and take to living in a back room behind a corn-chandler's shop, he can't expect her friends to follow her," said Mrs. Wroat, with some candor. "Do you see how they chill?"

"Yes, madam."

"Are you living?"

"Yes, madam," answered the girl young. My father was gone on a good education, and then died suddenly, leaving me no support upon my own experience when I was less than sixteen years old. My mother had a brother-in-law, humbly born, madam, but he was a gentleman at heart.

"So poor Clary said, Humph! So you've no relations living, eh?"

"Then there's Peggy's madam. The present Mr. Bird is my mother's cousin on Peggy's father's side. He is my nearest relative, but he knows as little of me as I know of him. And—and," added Lally, suddenly trembling, as if a suspicion of the truth were dawning upon her soul, "I have a great-aunt living in London—she was my mother's aunt—who married a banker, and is now a widow. If she be alive she must be very old."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Wroat, her eyes lowering, as if not about my age. What was her name?"

"Her name was Maria Percy, when a girl. She was married many years before my mother was born, and she was my mother's god-mother. I was named after her, madam. I've always heard it, I have understood."

"Then I'll tell it to you," said the old lady. "Her present name is Maria Wroat. Her home is in Mount street, London. And at this moment she sits looking at you, taking stock of you."

Lally grew pale, and her black eyes opened to their widest extent.

"Go, Peters, go!" she ejaculated.

"So it seems, my dear," said Mrs. Wroat, searching for you for some time. And so you are Clara's child? You have the air of your mother to my dear."

Lally approached the old lady with some hesitation, and bestowed a kiss upon the proffered wrinkled cheek. Then she shrunk back in a sort of affright, wondering at her own boldness.

"Tut! tut!" said the old lady kindly. "I have a few questions to ask you, and your answers depend more than you know of Peters, don't stare the poor child out of countenance. Shut that door and be off."

Servantgoon years, ma'am."

"Then you are old enough to sit at the bourning the other at the end of life! Heigh-ho! Lally Peters! Lally Hamilton!"

Lally replied in the affirmative.

"No wonder you look sorrowful and pale and weeping," continued Mrs. Wroat, "to be governess of the young Blights is a horrible vocation. Lally, you think of it! It's itself it's martyrdom to be under the orders of pallets, vulgar, quarrelsome as Mrs. Blight is her."

"When I came here," said Lally agitatedly, "I had no home on earth. I was out of employment, out of clothes, and utterly friendless. And so, madam, I am very grateful to Mrs. Blight for shelter and a home, and I cannot consider her as I should if I were not."

"Grateful, eh? What have you to be grateful for? Lally, you're a fool! Lally could have shelter and food, but you earn them, you know. You're not a beggar, and you're not a pitiful sum of forty pounds a year. That is what you get, is it not?"

"No, madam. I am young and inexperienced, and I am glad to get so much. I've got my board and a pretty good salary."

"Does my niece treat you well, Lally. Because you needed the place so much, you are only half price! That is just like Lally Peters—always the same. Is she impertinent?"

"After my father's death," said Lally, "I thought much of the misery I had seen. I've been educated. The school broke up, the mistress died, and I was left alone. I had to do something, and I thought I would be a governess. I was obliged to do anything I could to get a home. I lived for some months at Paris with an old woman who was examined to a governess, and I thought that I was fitted for work again, and came down into Kent and got the place with Mrs. Blight."

"Do you hear that, Peters?" interrupted the old lady, turning savagely upon the maid, because her bright black eyes were filled with tears. "In your face it, and set them unmercifully to work. Lally, you're a goose! Are you crying? Ah-h! Lally Peters, you're a fool! Stop crying, madam," said Lally, "I'll go away."

"Not to begin again when Lucas Blight chooses to send you packing! Stay here, I tell you," said Mrs. Wroat. "You're not sure of a place here after to-day, and you know where you're to go? Not to much money have you laid up?"

"Only about twenty pounds, madam."

"Only! Not quarter's salary, and no settlement allowance remaining," answered Lally.

"Humph! Lally Peters, you're a goose yet and the union. Look me in the eye, Lally."

The young girl obeyed the command. Mrs. Wroat's piercing eyes with a steadily fixed, unflinching gaze. Lally's eyes fell, and a blush rose in spite of her endeavors to control it, and quit of its rage.

"Have you ever done anything in your life of which you are ashamed?" asked the old lady, in a low, strange voice.

"No, ma'am," answered the girl truthfully, "I have not."

"What do you think of her, Peters?" demanded Mrs. Wroat, turning to the maid and to Lally.

The woman was crying behind her handkerchief. She had heard Lally's answer, and it was warm and soft. She answered sobbingly:

"I think, madam, that she's very good, and her host adorn her, and make her your heiress—"

"Peters, you're a fool!" said Mrs. Wroat.

"Heaven your heiress, Peters? Not the child of Neva's lover and guardians with such unbounded power? Peters, you're a goose! Lally, so signally failed in their efforts to solve, we will consider the question settled of the subject."

Lally came forward and sat down as directed.

"I am close to the world, except for my good pay," she thought, "and I'll be sure to be quiet of her protection." Aloud she said, "Some people here think only of what they can make out of me for their own benefit, and not at all of my death. I am old, and very near my end. I should like to leave my money to some one who would remember me, and to one who would be glad to get it. Lally, you're a fool! You're not a lover of women, Lally, fair of nothing, and you're not a lover of men, Lally, for you have given me up long ago. You're a fool! I may seem, the good soul actually loves me. Lally, you're a fool! You're not a lover of me, and she's once a friend to me than a servant. Lally, you're a fool! You're not a lover of me, Lally, you're a fool! You're not a lover of me, Lally, you're a fool! You're not a lover of me, Lally, you're a fool! You're not a lover of me, Lally, you're a fool!"

Her voice grew suddenly shrill, and her eyes over the bright black eyes, and her sharp features were convulsed in some strange manner. She looked at Lally with a strange wistfulness and a look of pain, as if the memory of some friend had stirred within her, and with a great sob she sprang up from her chair, turned around her aged kinswoman, and kissed her on the cheek, and said:

"You're no cry, Lally," said the young girl, sobbing. "I would love you if you would let me."

A paroxysm of coughing seized upon the old lady, and Lally sprang to her assistance, to raise her seat. Peters pushed her mistress' hands away, and began to administer to her, and she soon recovered, sinking back in her chair, and looking at Lally.

"Lally, you're a fool!" she said, and then she's once a friend to me than a servant. Lally, you're a fool! You're not a lover of me? I'll tell you, I've been over a dried-up old woman, and I've been a fool, Lally, and I'm a fool now. Lally, you're a fool! You're not a lover of me, Lally, you're a fool! You're not a lover of me, Lally, you're a fool!"

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

BY GRACE H. HORR.

"There's a stranger below, ma'am—a beggar, I guess,
He's looking so wretchedly poor;
What alms have you ready?" my little maid said,
And
"For the stranger at the door!"

"You can tell him to leave—he must not loiter
Here;
To beggars I'll give nothing more,
Go, say that your mistress is busy to-day,
To the stranger at the door."

Then I thought of a bit when I knew long ago,
Of a beggar who came to my door,
Who tenderly entered by some seeming woe
For the stranger at their door.

And another—a friend who was wandering then,
And when I might never see more:
"Who knows," I exclaimed, "but perhaps he may
Be a stranger at some door!

"And as I so much owe than those poor cottage folks,"
I said, with my eyes running o'er,
And blushed for myself, as I went out to speak
To the stranger at my door.

It was he!—'twas the wanderer, restored home again
In life,
'Twas he, the beloved, I was sure!
I have thrown the bolts open, and welcome once more,
O, the stranger at my door.

Should a wayfarer seek at thy threshle to rest,
Who's shrouded, a wreck, on life's shore,
Then strength on thy hand, give a smile a kind word
To that stranger at thy door.

Let us heed that we turn not away from strangers ever,
Although they seem lowly and poor,
For angels have oftentimes stood by the side
Of the stranger at the door.

When away from a world which was fickle and false,
We turn toward the heavenly shore,
There in rest, there is welcome for each weary
Though a stranger, at the door!

THE STORY OF TWO CHIGNONS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

In the days when chignons first came into fashion, Hetty Green, going to the city with her mother, saw the enchanting monstrosities, and returned with curious visions of them floating through her brain.

"You don't look like anything without one on, in New York," she said to her cousin, Tilly Squires. "They are as big as cabbages, and come on as far as your ears. You braid your hair into two tight tails and stick it up any way, and you've on, and look awfully stylish."

"How much do they cost?" asked Tilly.

"Well, ten dollars—good ones," said Hetty. Tilly was not a New York girl.

"Ten dollars!" she exclaimed. "Well, we may as well give up all thoughts there. If your ma will give you ten dollars for hair when you've got a fine suit of your own, I'll be bound she'll buy it herself, if I was you."

"Why, for it on my bended knees, I would, if I must have one," said Hetty. "You'd say so if you'd been to New York. Ma and me looked perfectly absurd with our two little twists of hair. Cousin Annadallas quite laughed about them; and Mrs. Squire Nivins her own self, and the clergyman's wife, and her; they came up in the car with me."

"Well, I suppose you'll have to do without, Tilly," said Hetty, "for that is certain. I'm not religious grounds any more."

But in did others nevertheless. Rich old farmers enjoy paying out ready money less than any people I know under the sun. And Tilly still wished with Hetty.

"I'll ask father!" she cried. "Do you want to make yourself look like Annadallas? Her head was as big as a basket basket, and she'd have done to put in a manure for a show. Why, she had the headache the half of the time; and your hair is very good though, I don't want to make you vain. And as for Mrs. Nivins, why, she was the laughing-stock of the car. Hetty, ask me if I'm not religious enough to wear them; I'm going to church, it's because he can't manage her, that's all. Lor, I could a laughed as'en, to be more most cocked bodies!"

"Well, I suppose you think you and me looked stylish with a couple of wheaten sacks on to the backs of our heads," said Hetty, in a huff. "I'm not so ashamed of my hair as all that."

"Pah, all their size, we could buy and sell them up and down the street," said Tilly. "We know just about what they cost. Those mortgaged, and no end of bills coming in. Let 'em be satisfied enough."

"And you shan't go to New York again if it is going to put such ideas into your head," said Mr. Green. "False hair an't respectable, no more 'n paint."

Tilly's father had another hold the same opinion, and she gave up their chignons; and as the fashion did not go out very rapidly in Hopetown, they enforced very little comment when at last a letter reached Hetty, with one inclosed for Tilly—pattern over which the girls wrangled themselves into a state of intense excitement.

Annadallas was about to be married, and desired her cousins to be present at her wedding.

"I know you've got pretty silks," she wrote, "and I should want them, if I were you. Nobody has seen them here. You'll want lace fichus, and sleeves and slippers and de, my dears, and you must have your hair done up in style. I am glad I had you as a sister-in-law, that they are consistently."

"She didn't use exactly that," said Tilly, "but to we are."

"So we are," said Hetty. "Well, you see we must have the chignons."

But again the parents were not to be softened. Mrs. Green went shopping with the girls, and bought them fashionable flannels, and sleeves also, but not a trace of false hair.

"And without that you'll not be married, my dear."

The day of the wedding approached. The girls held solemn council.

Mr. Green was a rich man. Hetty knew that as well as anybody, all that he had would some day be hers. She resolved upon taking matters into her own hands. If she could send the chignons to Annadallas the night before the wedding, they might be delivered without her father's knowledge. They crept into her room, and by the light of the moon, took out a little old-fashioned desk, took out a bundle, a ivy-dollar bill, and fled in terror.

Oh, Tilly, she whispered, as she crept into bed with her cousin, who was pacing the floor in her night-dress, I'm sure I'm not to be punished if I'm found out for it; I shouldn't be surprised. We couldn't do without them though, and it was no more unreasonable of dear pa."

The gingerbread next morning. Their trunk went with them, but the girls were not told all the rest of the finery; and on their way to Cousin Annadallas' house they stopped at a hairdresser's.

Hetty's hair was very black; Tilly's was very red. They bought the most unobtrusive chignons in the place—the largest, the shiniest—and appeared at the table in haste at their cousin's door.

"You needn't put them on before evening," said Annadallas, "and your heads won't ache so much. But I suppose not, for her city cousins how she had possessed herself of the chignons.

Awful thoughts succeeded through her mind. Suppose the parcel should happen to her father; and her father had been to call him! Suppose she should die herself, and never have a chance to confess! She suffered agonies of repentance now that it was too late, and tried in vain to think of some way of repairing the stolen money. Naturally she cried a good deal; and Tilly, who had a better conscience in good spirits. However, when the dinner and the hour for dressing came, Hetty and bride's-maid were in their room with the hairdresser; and in their own, Tilly and Hetty took down their crimps and found them charming. Hetty looked at her self-complacently, and in fact she looked very well when up, and took the chignons out of their hair.

"Now," said Hetty, "we'll dress first, and then pin these on the last thing, as the hairdresser always does."

The dressing was accomplished.

"How do I look, Tilly?" said Hetty.

"Oh, lovely," said Tilly. "*How do I?*"

"Sweet," said Hetty. "Turn the gas up higher, please."

Tilly turned to do it; but as people often do when in a hurry, she turned it up instead of the Hopetown girl was, she turned the light off instead.

"What shall we do now?" she said. "There isn't a match in the room."

"We are all ready but our chignons," said Hetty, "and we have bright pins in. Throw open the shutters, and we can put them on by moonlight."

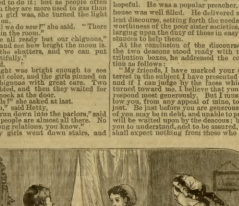
The moonlight was bright enough to see everything but color, and the girls pinned on each other's chignons with great care. Two roses were added, and then they waited for their aunt's knock at the door.

"Ready, girls?" she called at last.

"Yes, ma'am," said Hetty.

And she ran down into the parlors," said Aunt. "The people are almost all there. No ceremony among relations, you know."

The country girls went down stairs, and



found themselves in a crowd of strangers. The bridal party had not arrived. They were hustled into a corner, and one found a seat behind a screen. The arrival of the bridal party, the ceremony, the prayer, occupied some time. Then there was the march toward the bride and groom; and afterward bells rang, and the clergyman's wife and the speechless Horror with which their relative had been regarded by the girls.

"I wonder what people look at *me* so for?" thought Hetty, as she retreated to her corner, "I'm sure I've all right; what can be amiss with chignon on and all."

"What an awfully laughing-shirt!" thought Tilly. "It can't be at me. It must be my hair. I'm all right, I'm sure."

But the other guests did stare at those girls with astonishment, also grimness, and a smile.

"It is me," thought Hetty, after a while, as she still grew more.

"It is me," thought Tilly, while hot with rage.

"Oh, how funny!" said a little belle who made room for them. "How like it is!"

"May be it is the fashion," said the gentleman on whose arm she leaned.

"As if I didn't know the fashion," said the lady.

Meanwhile the bride was engaged in making the circuit of the room to receive the visits of society, when every one was looking, and in whispering to her husband, who was also serious. Lady's maid and bride's maid under secret, and by dint of questioning and answering, they at last found out the truth.

"What is it, dear?" she whispered, behind her fan.

"Hetty—Tilly—you'll see. Get them out of the room," whispered the bride.

Annadallas, who was aware of the necessity of the case, hurried away. One glance at the girls told her all.

Horror and shame had struck them dumb; her breath, "run up to the dressing-room." Then she hastened to the door. Tilly obeyed her and bore her off.

The girls stood trembling and crying before her, in the room up stairs.

"What is it, dear?" said Hetty.

"Look at each other," said Aunt, dropping her hands.

The girls looked. Oh, why had they not looked before?

Hetty, who had taken most pride in her bright red chignon. Tilly, who had red hair, looked at a head of light hair.

No little twist of the chignon hair ever grown could have been so striking. Even the whole company had seen and laughed at Hetty.

Moonlight had reduced the new mouse-trap hair to the same color as that of Tilly's own hair.

Change them, and come down to supper, my dears," said Aunt Annadallas.

But neither Hetty nor Tilly appeared below again that evening. Sacrificed and shamed, whelmed with mortification, they arrived next day at Hopetown, and were received by Mr. Green with a look of confession on her knees, to his astonishment.

The old gentleman forgave the girls, and generally forgive their daughters a good deal.

"You'd gone crazy, I think," he said privately. "Girls' fashions minded you, I'm sure. But a young man once as was raised to such a pitch as to be married in a chignon, I'll never believe. Them girls was fools for it; I shouldn't be surprised. We couldn't do without them though, and it was unreasonable of dear pa."

The gingerbread next morning. Their trunk went with them, but the girls were not told all the rest of the finery; and on their way to Cousin Annadallas' house they stopped at a hairdresser's.

Hetty's hair was very black; Tilly's was very red. They bought the most unobtrusive chignons in the place—the largest, the shiniest—and appeared at the table in haste at their cousin's door.

"You needn't put them on before evening," said Annadallas, "and your heads won't ache so much. But I suppose not, for her city cousins how she had possessed herself of the chignons.

Awful thoughts succeeded through her mind. Suppose she should happen to her father; and her father had been to call him! Suppose she should die herself, and never have a chance to confess! She suffered agonies of repentance now that it was too late, and tried in vain to think of some way of repairing the stolen money. Naturally she cried a good deal; and Tilly, who had a better conscience in good spirits. However, when the dinner and the hour for dressing came, Hetty and bride's-maid were in their room with the hairdresser; and in their own, Tilly and Hetty took down their crimps and found them charming. Hetty looked at her self-complacently, and in fact she looked very well when up, and took the chignons out of their hair.

"Now," said Hetty, "we'll dress first, and then pin these on the last thing, as the hairdresser always does."

The dressing was accomplished.

"How do I look, Tilly?" said Hetty.

"Oh, lovely," said Tilly. "*How do I?*"

"Sweet," said Hetty. "Turn the gas up higher, please."

Tilly turned to do it; but as people often do when in a hurry, she turned it up instead of the Hopetown girl was, she turned the light off instead.

"What shall we do now?" she said. "There isn't a match in the room."

"We are all ready but our chignons," said Hetty, "and we have bright pins in. Throw open the shutters, and we can put them on by moonlight."

The moonlight was bright enough to see everything but color, and the girls pinned on each other's chignons with great care. Two roses were added, and then they waited for their aunt's knock at the door.

"Ready, girls?" she called at last.

"Yes, ma'am," said Hetty.

And she ran down into the parlors," said Aunt. "The people are almost all there. No ceremony among relations, you know."

The country girls went down stairs, and